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181 and strangely moved. Not only the majestic view affected her but the
186 knowledge that this same sea had carried off to America many relatives,
823 only a few of whom had returned. To her the actual sight of the sea meant a new horizon; it gave her peasant world a new dimension.

796 For the islanders the biggest celebration of the year is Epiphany (Jan-
823 uary 6) when all of the families go down to the sea to participate in "the blessing of the water." The cross is thrown into the sea and boys dive for it, the lucky one obtaining it receiving a gift of money and considering himself fortunate for the coming year. This ceremony represents the baptism [755 778] of Christ, but its performance — the contact of the cross with the water — supposedly gives the water dipped up at the ceremony a special efficacy in healing sickness. It is treasured holy water. Ethnologists tell us that this blessing of the sea dates from pre-Christian times, another indication of [789] the hold of the sea on these island dwellers. It is still an island habit, when there are big storms at sea, to sweep the church and throw the sweepings into the sea to calm it; or the people may take oil from the lamp in the church and spread it on the water, begging the sea to quiet down.

823 The sea, like the mountains, has its own folklore. One of the most per-
776 sistent beliefs among seamen is the presence in the deep of the sister of
539 Alexander the Great, the Gorgon, often called the spirit of the sea.[17] This legend is beautifully told by Elias Venezis, one of Greece's outstanding writers, in his novel *Aeolia*:

> Once upon a time in the land of Greece there lived a young king, Alexander the Great. He had a sister called Gorgona. Alexander the Great traveled to distant lands, crossing many mountains and seas, and when he returned he brought back with him the water of immortality. He would have drunk it when his hour of death came, and he would never have died. He would have conquered all the strongholds of the world, and would have reigned forever. But he was not quick enough. His sister saw the water of immortality and, without knowing what it was, drank it. Then Alexander the Great was filled with rage and seized her by the hair and threw her into the sea. Ever since then the Gorgon lives in the sea. Her eyes are very round and she has snakes in her hair. Her arms are of bronze and there are golden wings on her shoulders. From her waist down she is a fish, and she is queen of all the other fish in the sea. She keeps alive the memory of the great king her brother who died when he was young and she always asks seafaring men she meets on her journeys:
>
> "Is Alexander the Great still alive?"
>
> [195 502] "He is alive, and he reigns," they answer her.
>
> When she hears this, the Gorgon is filled with joy and orders the waves to let the caique pass. But if any seaman does not know this, and tells her that the king is dead, then he has nothing to hope for. The Gorgon raises a typhoon and seizes him and his caique and its crew and drags them down with her. Then she rises high onto the waves again to find another sailor who can reassure her that her brother is living, and that Alexander the Great has never died. . . .[18]

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One often hears the expression, "he is alive, and he reigns," in Greece today, for it has become a household adage. When a person is asked how someone is getting along, he may reply, "he is alive, and he reigns."

On the little islands of Greece, on many wild promontories of the mainland, stand the small white churches dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the seafaring man. He replaced Poseidon, king of the sea, an important personage in the pagan pantheon, and most of these churches are built as the result of some vow made by the sailors faced with shipwreck who turned for help to the little icon of the saint in the stern or on the mast of the ship. These sailors curse the sea, speaking of it as "that old scoundrel," but they are tied to it with many bonds other than the economic. They tell the story of their patron saint, who found for himself the hold the sea has upon the Greek people. Nicholas suffered so many misfortunes from the sea that he decided to put it behind him forever. He picked up an oar and started walking. Every now and then he would stop someone and ask, "Do you know, stranger, what this is that I am carrying?" He moved higher and higher up into the mountains until he finally found a village where no one could identify what he was carrying and there at last he felt he could settle down, safe from the all-encircling sea.

Thus, it is not at all out of character for the seafarers, like their patron saint, to become thoroughly disgusted with the sea. They will imprecate her and, referring to her in the feminine gender, will imply that there is treachery afoot. They are also aware of her charm and, unlike the monk-like St. Nicholas, find they cannot live apart from her.

The Greek, whether seafarer or peasant, has come to grips with his stern physical environment, and this tough set of mind is just as important to his survival as the resources which he must utilize in his daily life. The tradition of the mountains led to the preservation of an independent villager, proud in his poverty, passionately devoted to his local area, and a worthy perpetuator of the folk legacy of ancient Greece. The tradition of the sea led the seafarer outwards and developed a type of Greek quite different from the mountaineer. The seafarer's commerce supplemented the self-subsistence of the peasant, but both joined together to create the political unit that is Greece today.